

ENGLISH 210 – PRACTICE PAGE 19

My first week at CHS was really interesting, I'd somehow been put into a science class with a bunch of kids that weren't horribly mean. They really were mean, but not towards me. These people had a sense of humor behind it. They were witty, smart, and thought quickly. They could berate some "jock" with a comment that was so harsh it burned the air after being spoken. I liked them immediately. Through my middle school experience, I had built a shield around myself, and I could tell that these kids have the same type of shield, but with a defensive system in front of it. I wanted that; a weapon I could use against the jackass kids that walked through the halls. I wasn't going to be like those Columbine kids by losing myself to my emotions, but I wanted something I could fight back with. I started spending a lot of time around my new friends, and it wasn't long before I had built up my own shell of defensive wit. I eventually passed the point of defensive, and became offensive. I was the instigator of most arguments I had. That rocked. Sometimes I was so harsh they would just stammer and start walking away. My insults were way passed the league of "your mom" jokes. I could insult every aspect of a person's life from having the taste in music they did to being from whatever ethnicity they had. I also discovered that I have a peculiar talent: I can find the one thing that will set anyone off. I can hit that tender spot that causes a normally rational person to lose it.



In addition to being mean, Clarkston kids aren't the brightest. I could berate some kid, and as long as it isn't clear what I was talking about, they wouldn't even get it. My friends, the "Satirical Bastard League", understood perfectly and were laughing it up while the poor sop was still scratching his head. Living in Clarkston made all of my friends like this. The majority of my group of friends had moved to Michigan around the same time as I had, and had to deal all throughout middle school with kids being mean to them just as I did. I am not sure if there is some connection between meanness and something in the water there, or if it was just some bizarre coincidence that jerks flocked to Clarkston. Either way, the people of Clarkston are jerks, and I'm a proud resident.